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little songs, and had a tale that never was told, which had a wonderful way of bringing round a cross child. I was the only one she seemed to get vexed with, and I do not wonder now, when I look back. I must have seemed stupid to her, and I am not naturally very tidy. Like you, ma'am, she kept a very old garment that the children could grub in, unhindered and happy."

"Because I am easy on this point, Janet, you must not forget to cast a tender eye on the pretty clothes. There is propriety and fitness in all things. Would you think it fitting for the children to join me in the drawing-room in clothes they had been making mud-pies in, or in the boots they had been botanizing and climbing in? They would but noise, spoil, and annoy, and we like to see them look dainty, and able to hold their wild spirits in command, on fitting occasions. Once there was a wise man named Diogenes, who lived in Greece. He was so much thought of in those days, that kings made a friend of him, but he spoilt all his wisdom by a false idea, that he need not consider the feelings of his friends and neighbours. He denied himself not only the luxuries of life, but neglected even the common decencies, going about ragged and filthy all his days. This amounted to pride and affectation—he would have been wiser to discern that his special fads and fancies were not to be followed so far as to annoy those around him."

(To be continued).

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—A few nightdresses and illustrations have been sent in August; but prizes will not be awarded before the end of September, as several children cannot send their work before the end of the holidays. I hoped so much to meet some of you in Switzerland, that the first thing I did at every new hotel was to look through the list of visitors, to try and find any well-known names; but, alas! I never met one. I only hope you all enjoyed your holidays as much as we did. Now we must all settle down to work again, and work with a will.

I saw one very pretty game played in Baden, which I know you will all enjoy. Place chairs in a large circle, and let all the players but one sit down. A polka is played on a piano, and the one in the centre advances with the polka step to any one of the circle. As soon as she is quite close, the sitter must rise, and as the dancer recedes to the other side, must follow in step, each holding her dress in both hands. The first one can then suddenly turn her back on the other, and wave her off, and she must return to her seat, the first dancer repeating this to another sitter. After refusing two or three, instead of rejecting, the two dance together a polka round the circle until the empty chair is reached, when the first one sits down, and the second one then proceeds to invite others.

Your loving,

AUNTIE MAI.

COMPETITIONS.

Class I. Age 11 to 15 Dollie's best dress to be made this month, to be sent before the 30th, to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley. On second thoughts I have decided that it was not fair to those who had sent work to postpone the prizes.

Isabel K. Bird has won the prize. Very few garments have been sent this month, owing to the holidays, but good work has been done by Margaret Kendall, Margaret Gregson, Winifred Grice, Violet Mackintosh, Katharine Marriott, Barbara Gregson, and Marjery Webb.

Class II. Age 10 and under. Sybil Baker (8) has won a prize. Mary Priestman (9), Dorothy Senior (10), Hilda Newton (9), Margaret Stable (9), Muriel Mackintosh (7), and Marjory Barbour have sent very dainty nightdresses, also Cecile Parke.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ethel L. P. Robinson (14) has won a sketch block.

Dorothy Rope, Phoebe Rennell, and Marguerite Dowding have done good drawings; also Irene Statham, May and Clinton Lewis, and Dorothy Ker.

This month a Prize is offered for the best illustration of "The Rowan Necklace."

TALES.

Well written Tales have been sent by Marjery Dunthorne (10), Isabel K. Bird (13), Marjorie Franklin (7), Dora Spielman (13), Phoebe Rennell and Dorothy Senior (10). I hope all our writers remember the Christmas Magazine, and are already beginning to write and draw for it. Write a tale this month on "A Snowball and a Robin." The best shall go into the Magazine. Write clearly, and remember paragraphs.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

Dress Queen Elizabeth. She must not exceed five inches.

CHILDREN'S PARTY COMPETITION.

Margaret Bullen seems to be the only niece who has any ideas on this subject. I should like more hints on how to amuse a number of children at a party to be sent this month, and the answers shall go in the Christmas Magazine. Can the boys and girls send animal anecdotes and drawings for the same?

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

I. *Queen's Apples.*—Pare some nice round baking apples, take out the core without dividing them, fill the hollow part of the apple with some well washed currants or sultana raisins. Make some pastry (see June No. of *Parents' Review*),

roll out and stamp circles about four inches in diameter for each apple. Press one half on one side of the apple and the other on the opposite side. Wet the edges and join the two pieces tightly together, quite to cover the apple. Lay the rolls on a greased tin, and bake in a moderately-heated oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

II. *Potato Chips.*—Pare some very nicely washed potatoes, cut them into slices as thick as a penny piece, throw them into cold water, change this two or three times, so as to divest them of their mealiness. Have ready some nice clear boiling dripping in a frying-pan. Dry the potatoes in a cloth, and when dry put them a few at a time into the boiling fat, shake them to keep them from sticking together, and do them quickly till they are beautifully crisp and a golden colour. When done, shake them in a wire basket before serving, to free them from the fat. Serve quickly on a hot dish.

THE ROWAN NECKLACE.

In the dear, beautiful land that lies north of the river Forth, there grew, just at the corner of a dark fir wood, a lovely rowan tree. And of all the beautiful things which grow in that land the rowan tree is one of the most beautiful. For in spring-time she is white-robed with blossom, and in autumn she wears her coral berries, and when the October frosts touch her she gives her berries gaily to the snow-buntings, and dresses herself in scarlet and gold until a storm takes her leaves away. And the children in the cottage close by that tree never failed to hang a branch of it over the door. For wise folks say that the rowan is as good as she is beautiful, and keeps away all evil magic from house and home. And about that I have a tale to tell—a little fairy story from the heart of the wild north—and if you don't like it you can go to sleep over it, and neither the rowan nor I will be offended.

Well, the youngest of this family of children was the bonniest little girl in the world, and, as her temper was generally as sunny and sweet as her blue eyes, she was a pet with everybody. One autumn day there came up that valley, or strath, as they say in the north, a pedlar with a pack on his back. Of course he praised his goods to make the women

and lassies fancy them, and of course he praised the women and lassies themselves to put them in good temper, and when little Flora wanted a blue ribbon to snood her yellow hair, he vowed she ought to be a princess with diamonds about her neck. But Flora's mother said the ribbon was too dear, so the pedlar went off, leaving bonnie Flora with her little yellow head quite turned. So she left her mother to make bannocks by herself, and went off to the burn side to dream about being a princess. And there Ewan, the shepherd boy, found her, when he came down from the hill with a lame sheep on his shoulders. Flora always told her troubles to Ewan, so to-day she told him how mother wouldn't buy her a blue ribbon, and how the pedlar had said she ought to have diamonds. Ewan's money, which wasn't much, all went to keep his old grandmother, and he could no more buy Flora a ribbon than a diamond collar. But he had gathered a branch of the rowan tree, and he strung the berries for her till they looked like a coral necklace. Flora would have been pleased enough generally, and have thought herself quite fine, but to-day her head was full of diamonds, and she left the rowan necklace lying by her side. And there they sat by the burn, Ewan wondering whether he would ever be rich enough to buy Flora everything she wanted, and Flora thinking how well the jewels would suit her. And they neither of them noticed that the twilight was darkening into dusk. Now close by where they were sitting was one of those little green hills which everyone knows are the homes of the fairies. If Ewan and Flora had remembered it they wouldn't have stayed so near that green mound in the gloaming, for northern fairies are awkward people to meet. But they never thought of it, till there came on the stillness the sound of faint, far-away horns blowing, and up through the green turf came a troop of green-robed folk, who fell to dancing strange measures on the hill top, while unearthly music sounded among the scattered rocks and great clumps of fern. Ewan sprang up and seized Flora's hand.

"Come away, lass, come away!" he cried; but Flora did not move. Her eyes were fixed on the fairy ladies, with the wonderful jewels shining in their hair and about their necks. Her feet began to move slowly, slowly towards the fairy hill. Ewan seized hold of the plaid she wore, but she just threw

it off and left it in his hand, and with one spring she was in among the dancing fairies and footing it as lightly as any of them. Poor Ewan flung up his hands and cried once more,—

"Flora, come back, lass, come back!" And, even as he spoke, the music stopped with a harsh, grating sound, and the fairies and Flora with them sank through the turf and disappeared. Ewan stood staring for a minute, as if he couldn't believe she was really gone, and then he rushed up the hill and threw himself down on the grass, and cried, "Flora! Flora!" as if he thought she would hear him down below in the fairy world. But nobody answered, only the wind came sighing down the glen like a ghostly echo of the magic music.

Well, Ewan lay there for a long time, calling and listening and wondering how he could ever, ever go home without Flora. Presently a voice called him, asking whatever he was doing on the fairy hill after sunset; did he want the Good People to take him below with them? It was an old woman who was calling him,—a withered old dame, who lived in a hut by the burn side. She wasn't a particularly nice old woman, but Ewan, who only knew that she was feeble and rheumatic, and who was always nice to people weaker than himself, used to cut peat and fetch water for her now and then. And now, when she called him, he got up slowly, and told her how Flora was gone, and he didn't care if the fairies took him too. The old dame looked at him in the dim light and laughed.

"If you would go to Elf-land," she said, "you must drop what you hold in your hand."

"That!" said Ewan, throwing it down, "it is only the rowan necklace I strung for my little lassie's neck, and she would not wear it because she wanted diamonds."

"Poor little silly bairn," said the old woman, "it would have served her better than all the gems in the king's crown. The fairies cannot touch those who wear the rowan about them. But 'tis too late now, and no fault but her own."

But Ewan fell down on his knees before her.

"Good mother," he cried, "you are wise in fairy ways: you can tell me how to win our little Flora back; for win her I will, if I seek her in Elf-land myself."

The old dame wouldn't answer at first. She vowed she

had no dealings with fairies, and that Ewan might know better than to risk himself for a little silly like Flora. But she wasn't really bad, and Ewan was so dreadfully in earnest that at last she said,—

"There, go your way and fail, for fail you will. You will be weary of waiting till the Good People dance on their hill again. And what mortal hands can hold the fairies' captive long enough to put the rowan necklace about her neck? And what mortal eyes can see the face they love through fairy spells? And what mortal foot can outstrip the Elfin king and reach the running stream which melts magic? But go your foolish way and be sorry."

But Ewan kissed her hand and jumped for joy, and then sat down on the hill to wait till the fairies came. The sun came up, and the great white clouds cast soft shadows on the hill side, and the burn sang the sweet song of northern water over the stones, and Ewan sat on the green hill and waited. The old woman came out and laughed at him and told him he was safe to fail; but in the evening she brought him some milk and bannocks, calling him a stupid all the time. And all the long, chill, dewy night he watched and waited, but the fairies never came. And the sun came up again, and by-and-by the old dame brought him some porridge, and laughed at him because he was so sleepy he could hardly keep his eyes open. And then she said, "There, go to sleep, foolish lad, and I will wake you if they come."

And though she laughed he knew she would keep her word, and so he slept, and woke up fresh and strong and ready for fairies or anything else risky and exciting.

But the next night passed, and the fairies never came.

The sun rose in grey mist on the third morning, and all day the rain fell, and the clouds rolled down low on the hills. But at sunset the sky cleared, and then the moon rose, full and clear, over the ridge of the moor. And as the moon rose, there sounded on the stillness the fairy horns. And up sprang Ewan, and stood as if every hair on his head were listening. And the blast came again, and then the wild dance music, and then—then came the fairies, tripping lightly on the green turf, and there among them, in a green fairy gown and with shining fairy jewels in her yellow hair, was Flora. Ewan never waited an instant. He saw her, and he

knew her, and he knew what to do, and he sprang straight into the middle of the dance, breaking up the figure altogether, and seized her in his arms. The fairies cried out in fury, but he had the rowan berries in his hand, and they couldn't touch him. So they set themselves to bewitch Flora worse than ever, and she struggled and wriggled in Ewan's arms, so that there was no getting the necklace over her head. And, as he looked at her in the moonlight, behold she was not his little girl at all, but an ugly, hairy goblin. He was just going to let her go, thinking he had caught the wrong one, when he remembered the old woman's words about fairy spells, and held on tighter than ever. So the fairies tried a new sort of magic, and Flora left off struggling and grew heavy in his arms, and the touch of her hands burnt his fingers like red hot iron. But still he held on tight, as plucky people hold on to a hot plate rather than drop it and break the china, and down the hill he ran, with scores of fairies screaming at his heels, and the wild music in his ears, and Flora in his arms. And at the foot of the hill he managed somehow or other to slip the rowan berries round her neck, and headlong they both went, splash into the burn.

You know, I suppose, that running water is the best cure for all sorts of bad magic. Well, when you learn to love your Sir Walter Scott, as all good boys and girls do, you'll know that and many other good things. And it is a fact, that, when Ewan struggled up, dripping and breathless, on to the opposite bank, it was his own little Flora who held his hands and lifted up her face to kiss him, and cried and laughed and promised never to be so naughty again. And there beside them was the old woman, not cross any more, and with a smile on her face which quite smoothed out her wrinkles. And she took them to her house, and gave them such butter-milk scones as I should like for my birthday tea. And, when the dawn grew bright behind the hills, they went home together, hand in hand.

Folks say the fairies have given up dancing on that green hill, since Ewan and the rowan necklace robbed them of their captive. And other folks say that Flora became Mrs. Ewan, and wore that rowan necklace after the berries shrivelled up to nothing.

I don't know about that, but I know that the rowan tree

still grows at the edge of the pine wood, and you may string a necklace for yourself if you are lucky enough to find it in the fair land beyond the Forth.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

"JACK AND JILL'S JOURNEY."

By Phæbe Allen, Author of "*Playing at Botany*," "*Two Little Victims*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

"DO YOU know, my young friends," said Fun, next day, "that the Orchid, Mr. Oncidium by name, was so deeply offended at our not keeping our appointment with him yesterday that, in Eastern fashion, he rent his garments, that is, he shed his lovely orange and sulphur blossoms, and vows he will only address us to-day in his leaves and roots."

"What a cross unmannerly old thing," said Jack.

"Well, perhaps," said Fun, "it would be a fairer division to say that *we* were unmannerly, and so *he* got cross at being kept waiting in uncomfortable quarters. For you see the bit of bark on which he is lodged here is a very poor makeshift for his princely residence in the tropical forest of his own home land. There, with thousands of his brother and sister epiphytes, he twists and turns at will amongst the gigantic branches of the magnificent trees. There, with this luxuriant green roof for a canopy under the dazzling sky, and with gold-crested humming birds, and jewelled butterflies to pay homage to his gorgeous blooms, this brilliant foreigner holds a perpetual Court, and consequently, wherever he goes, he expects to be treated like a Persian Satrap or a Sultan."

"Oh!" said Jill, "all that sounds so much like a bit out of the Arabian Nights, that I do think he might give us a fairy tale; we haven't had one for a long time."

"Now, before you begin talking of fairy tales," put in Matter-of-Fact, "I've a question to ask you young folk. Pray what do you mean by the word 'epiphyte'?"

"Nothing," said Jack promptly, "for we don't know."

"Then its highly disgraceful to you," was the grim reply. "Now remember, epiphyte is made up of two Greek words, which mean on or upon a plant, and is therefore the name

given to any plant which grows upon another plant. Now, of the eight thousand different orchids which have been discovered, a great many more than half are epiphytes, that is, they flourish only on the bark of trees, and would very quickly droop and die if they were torn away from their old friends and planted in the ground. Then too—"

"Then too," mimicked Fun, "Mr. Oncidium will now speak for himself, for here we are at his very feet," he added, as the lift, which was conveying the party upwards, stopped short all at once. Looking up, Jill found herself close to their lecturer, who appeared to be suspended in mid-air. In reality, he was suspended from the highest point of the roof of the Parliament House, couched on a magnificent piece of bark, with which his English hosts had done their best to secure the comfort of their illustrious visitor.

"Oh! don't his roots look like a splendid tress of hair, spun out of pale, pale moonbeams?" whispered Jill to Fun, looking up at the lecturer's hanging roots, which showed like huge silvery tassels against the dark bark on which he reclined.

"Yes, or like the dazzling white mane of a sea horse, rising out of the briny foam," said Fun, "but he's speaking, so *we* mustn't."

"A lucky thing for you, my good folk, that you've come at last," Mr. Oncidium was saying, "for I was on the point of starting back to my home in the tropics, where I live like a Prince of Sunshine, lapped round in golden light. For, though some people have a foolish idea that orchids grow best in the gloomy depths of dense forests, we are, in truth, children of the light and thrive in the sunniest spots. Now, unlike most of your lecturers, I don't hide my roots out of sight in earth or water (just as you cover up your feet in boots). No, I consider mine too beautiful and too valuable for such treatment. Oh, they *do* work hard for us, some doing the work of feet, and others that of hands. To start with, they have to fix our entire plant to the bark of the tree where we take up our residence—as a rule a few root fibres are sufficient for that—whilst the rest have to supply us with all the nourishment that is furnished to other roots by the soil. So, I was going to

say, they are worth their weight in gold to the rest of the plant, but it would be nearer the truth if I said they are worth their weight in life-blood. For you understand these white papery-looking tassels which you see, have no help from their fellow roots which you do *not* see, and which are busy creeping into the bark and dividing it and interlacing each other and forming regular footholds. No, our roots have two distinct departments to work in, some are sent on foreign service, whilst others have home duties to fulfil. Now look at the glistening coverings like tissue paper, which wrap round my aerial roots, for I have much to say about these coverings, which are of the greatest value to our roots. For they are entirely made up of perforated cells, exactly like a common sponge, indeed they behave just as if they were sponges. Whenever they come within touch of water they suck up as much as they can possibly hold, so that the green fibres of the root inside these silvery coverings may always have a supply of water close at hand. This keeps them beautifully fresh and cool."

"I should think so," whispered Fun. "Just as we should always be nice and cool if we were wrapped round in a damp sponge."

"But not only do these useful white skins suck in and retain water," went on the Orchid, "they also have the power of condensing what is called the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere, which means, roughly, they collect all the particles of moisture which are dispersed in the air and turn it into water. And this talent for manufacturing water, as it were, is of the utmost value to us, because, it may surprise you to hear, that we never get one drop to drink from the bark of the tree on which we live."

"Well, the bark must be ill-natured," said Fun, "to leave your poor roots like pale ghosts starving with thirst and his own trunk full of nice fluid sap."

"Not at all," was the tart reply, "for the bark, upon which we live, is driven to the same source as ourselves for its water supply—namely, the atmosphere. For when you study stems—which had better be soon, I should think—you'll learn that whereas the *trunk* of a tree is fed by its roots with water from the soil, the *bark* has to go to the atmosphere

when it wishes to quench its thirst. Naturally, therefore, it is not in a position to supply our roots with water 'to be drunk on the premises.' But this being the case, you can easily understand in what respect and esteem these water-condensing roots are held by the rest of our plant. For when, as often happens in our hot climates, the long seasons of drought set in, we must of necessity perish, if these papery coverings did not literally stand between us and destruction. For not only do they understand the art of drawing water from the air (of sinking wells in the atmosphere), but when, as also often happens, they have drained every single drop of moisture from our immediate surroundings, they do not stop work, but only turn round and serve us in another way. Talk of your English blue-jackets, *our* brave little white-coats are ever so much grander heroes in their way! For, after handing over their last drop of liquid, like faithful water carriers to a besieged city, they fill their emptied cells with air and then all shrivelled and dried up, as they look, they wrap themselves still closer round the green root fibres within them, thus acting as a protection against the surrounding heat, which if able to penetrate to these tender fibres, would very quickly dry up all their life-blood. Thus, you see, like loyal servants, when the treasure committed to their charge is no longer safe in their keeping, they hand it over to their master's use, and then are ready to guard the deposit with their own little dried up bodies. Grand household guards, indeed!"

"Coldstream Guards, I should have called them," said Fun.

"And so," went on the lecturer, "nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which our roots are constructed to suit our needs. When the weather becomes hot enough to injure us, these white tissue coverings act as protectors."

"As sorts of 'puggaree' to the green root fibres," put in Fun.

"And when the air is charged with moisture they serve as water carriers. In this way they take the place of the damp soil in which your ordinary earth roots are planted. For the actual root fibres are concealed within them, much in the same way as the root fibres of land plants are concealed in the earth. And indeed, if I, or any of my relations whose roots are covered with these white coats, were to be planted

in the soil, you would see that we should at once discard these porous, paperlike envelopes, having no further use for them in our new surroundings. There is a deal more to tell about our roots, but I will only add now that the inside of the paper covering is wonderfully arranged for the supply of water. Immediately under the porous envelope is a layer of two kinds of cells of different sizes. In one kind the cell is much larger than the other, and, having thicker walls, does not—to speak roughly—*let in* the water so easily as the smaller cells which are placed between the larger ones, and which, being much thinner, admit the water readily and act, therefore, as absorption cells."

"In fact," said Fun, who thought that the Orchid, though he was talking so much of water, was growing rather dry, "the small cells suck in the water and the big cells act as jars to keep it in; isn't that the right way of putting it, Mr. *Oncidium*?"

"A very *funny* sort of right way," said the lecturer, "but I'll let it pass as I want to tell a story connected with my ancestors, and which ought to be written in letters of gold in the history of the world's benefactors. For it tells how the rare beauty of our blossoms saved the life of a man already condemned to a cruel death. It was many years ago (*Orchids* don't carry dates about with them like *Palms*), when the Spaniards first settled in the island of *Laçon*, that it all happened. Tagali, the native chief, a brave, noble fellow, resenting the intrusion of these foreigners, refused to allow one of the Spanish officers to set foot on his property, and when, in spite of his remonstrances, the unmannerly Spaniard still strove to force an entrance, Tagali seized his bow and aimed a poisoned arrow at him. But, before he could draw the string, poor Tagali was seized and carried before the Spanish general, who at once ordered him to be tortured to death. As he was being led out to die, Tagali saw the general's wife in ecstasies of delight over a single spray of orchid blossoms, which were quite new to her. By the help of an interpreter he gave her to understand that if he had twenty-four hours' respite he would return with an armful of flowers of the same sort, but far more beautiful and more fragrant. At the lady's entreaty the general allowed the condemned man to depart under a strong escort, believing

that it was only a trick on Tagali's part to delay his death, but when he returned next day, staggering under a load of our luxuriant blossoms, the stern Spaniard's heart was touched, and he consented to accept Tagali's fragrant flowers as the price of his life. So that's a record to be proud of, eh?"

But before they could answer, or even give one clap of applause, the lecturer had swung himself out of sight, and his audience found themselves at Mr. Matter-of-Fact's mercy and attacked with the following questions:—

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. What do you mean by the word *Epiphyte*?
2. Describe how an *Epiphyte* grows?
3. How many different *Orchids* have been discovered, and where are they seen in the greatest perfection?
4. What is the division of labour between the roots of the *Oncidium* and many other *Orchids*?
5. What is the use of the white tissue which covers the aerial roots of many orchids?
6. Why do *Epiphytes* derive no liquid nourishment from the bark on which they grow?

Answers to be sent in to Miss P. Allen, Ileden, Bonchurch, I.W., not later than October 28th.

The following members have sent papers and received marks accordingly, viz.:—

Div. I. Winifred Grice (4), Joan Campion (5), Bernard Ward (6), Honora Sneyd (4), Madeline Graham Watson (6), May Lewes (6), Alexander Colles (3), Eileen Colles (5), Margaret Bullen (6), Faith Venables (6), Jessie Vickers (5), Maud Vickers (5), Susan Venables (5).

Div. II. Clare Pelly (5), Liliass Summers (6), Meta Colles (5), Rhoda Goddard (6), Iole MacDonnell (5), Phyllis Murray (4), Hawthorne Robertson for back papers (28), Georgina Smith (5), Esmé Graham Watson (6), Dorothy Senior (6), James Dixon (5).

Div. III. Dorothy Mayall (6), Eva Hudson (6), Jessie Smith (1), Janet Brooke (6), Kathleen Colles (2), Cicely Foster (5), Jack Vickers (6), Emily Vickers (6), Kathleen Sandbach (5), Hester Sandbach (5), Ethelwyn Robertson for back papers (25).